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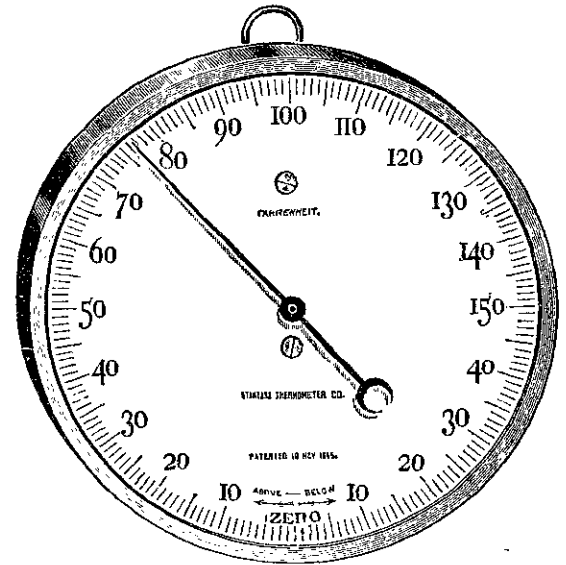
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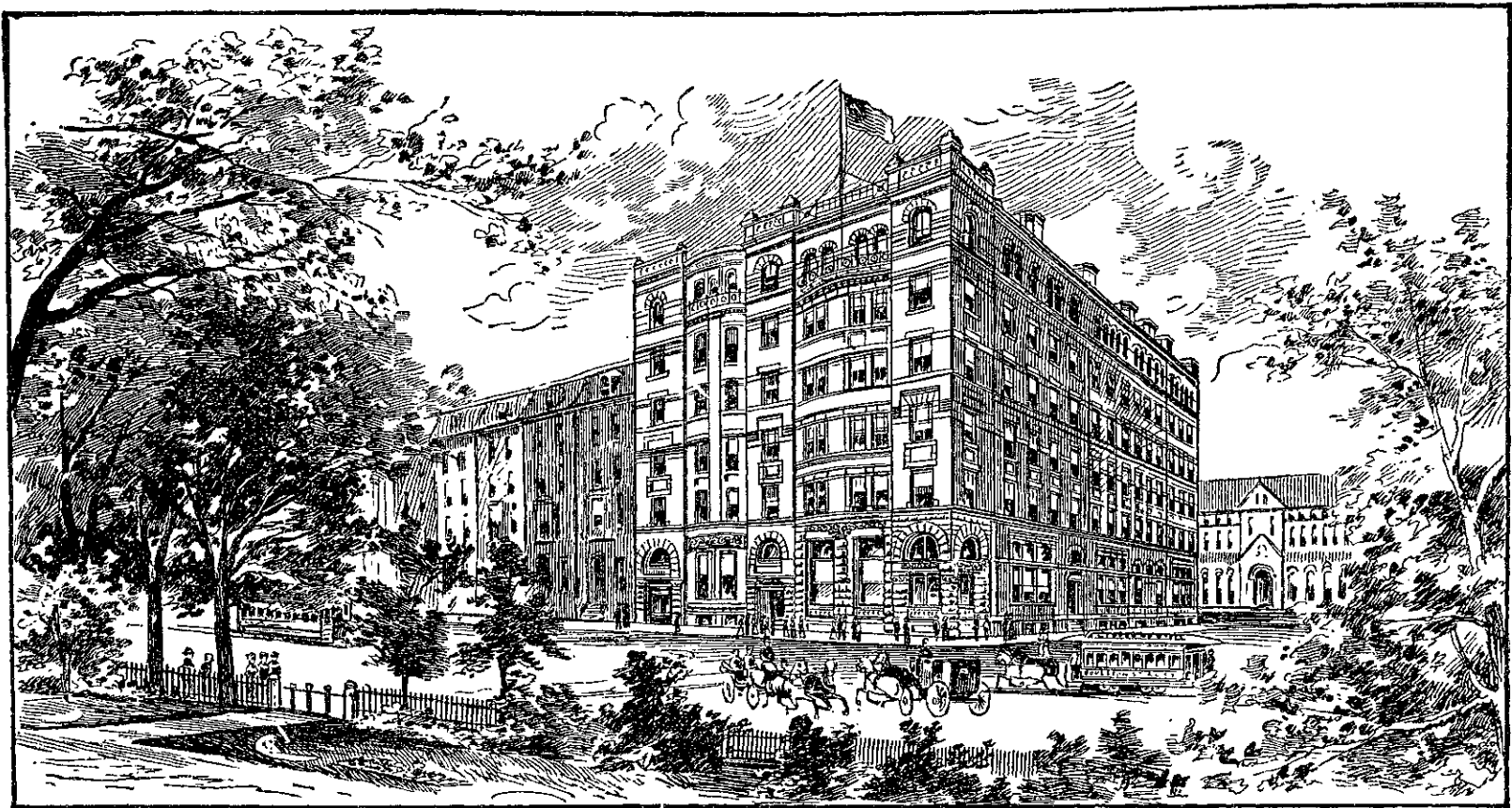
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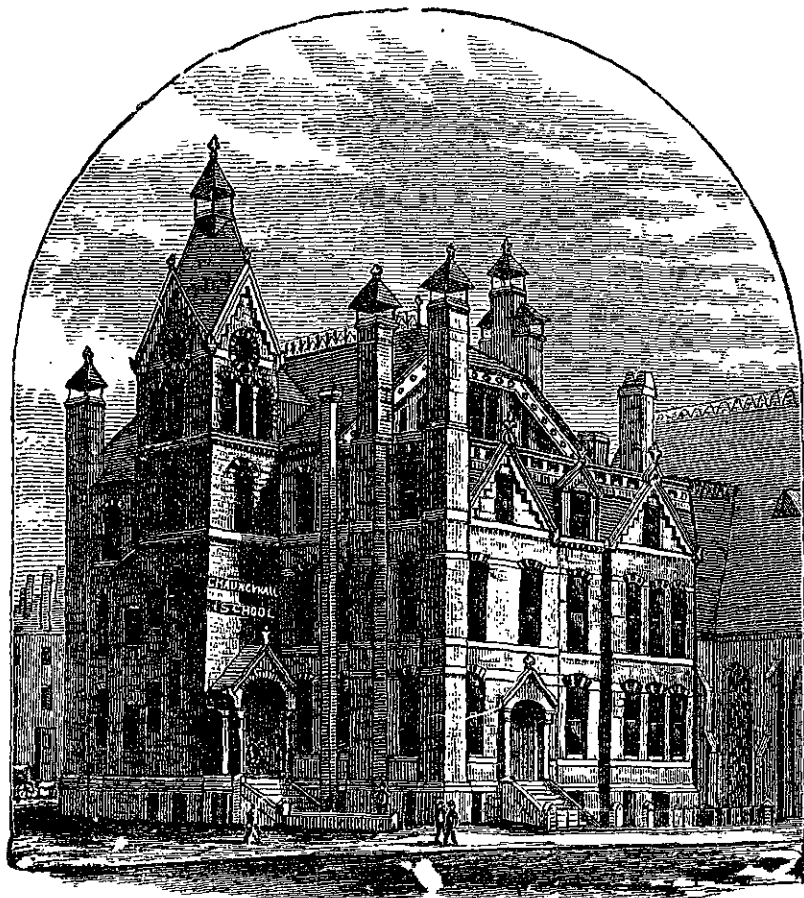
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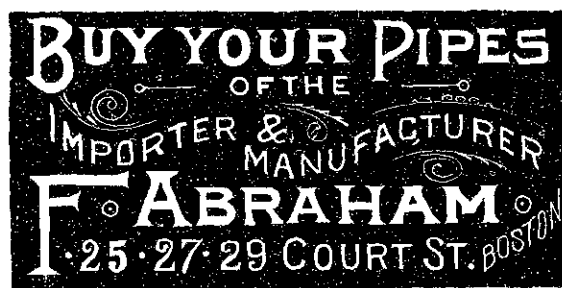
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The Tech.

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NO. 11.

THE TECH.

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THE Athletic Club meeting was a success, financially and otherwise. The already corpulent treasury of the association was considerably increased by the large attendance of Saturday, and all who witnessed the sports

were amply repaid for their time and money by the exhibitions given. The Club is to be congratulated on the general success of the affair. But now that our in-door athletics are of such a good standard, and on such an excellent financial basis, the question naturally arises, Why should Technology not compete with outside institutions in track athletics?

The New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association meets at Worcester in the spring. It includes Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Trinity, Brown, and Worcester Tech.

We have conclusively proved during the last few years that we can successfully compete with any of these institutions in football, and as we have a greater number of students than any of these colleges, why should we not stand well among them in individual athletics? Twice we have pulled Harvard's winning Mott Haven team in tug-of-war; our wheelmen compare excellently well with those of any college in the country; we have records in high kicking and jumping which are better than have ever been made at the meeting of the New England Association, and the men who hold these records are at present students among us. With these facts in view it is strange that the Athletic Club has never attempted to join the New England League. The majority of the colleges which are at present members of the league would, we believe, look favorably upon an application for admittance from Technology. Therefore why not bestir ourselves, and have something of an athletic nature to look forward to in the spring better than the prospects for the next year's eleven, or the achievements of the Freshman nine? It is probably too late now to attempt to have Technology represented at Worcester this year, but it is a very good time to commence preparations for her successful entrance a year from now. Wake up, most wonderful officers of the Athletic Club, and make the existence of your organization well known outside of Boston! Hold an out-door meeting in the spring which will compare favorably with your in-door sports of Saturday, and see what Tech. has for track athletes. Then when the convention of the New England

League occurs send the most wonderfully made among you as delegates to the place, prepared to make Technology's entrance to the league favorable and pleasant to all concerned.

THE TECH wishes to thank its contributors in the artistic direction. Many drawings of merit have been sent in which, though well drawn, have been made in ignorance of the conditions under which they can be published. The published cartoons measure six inches in width; in length the limit is the page. Now, to produce a satisfactory cut, the drawing should be drawn at least one third larger than intended to be printed; indeed, the larger the better, since the reduction in photographing for reproduction reduces all imperfections to a minimum. Use only jet black India ink, and make clean lines. We hope that contributors will not be discouraged at the non-appearance of their drawings already handed in, but will continue according to the principles herein set forth. We are obliged to rely upon outside contributions entirely, since the artistic editor's chair is now vacant; hence all such contributions as cartoons, initials, column headings, etc., will be thankfully received.

NEITHER the desire to commemorate the birthday of the immortal George Washington, nor the vain hope of dazzling the eyes of the natives, seems to us a sufficient reason why our martial Freshmen should parade their uniform in public within, say, a hundred miles of Exeter Street. The custom of confining it to the gymnasium, and thus preserving it in pristine freshness for the annual exhibition, is respectfully submitted as worthy of observance. It takes both face and grace for an average man to appear to advantage in a Tech. uniform; but if some one still persists in wearing it, let him keep on his overcoat, and put his cap in his pocket, and thus escape the suspicion of being an advertisement.

EIGHTY-NINE is certainly justified in refusing the Senior Ball so generously offered by the under classes. But another idea has been proposed, which will give the under-classmen an opportunity to show how anxious they really are to give '89 a farewell remembrance.

It has been proposed that a dinner be given to '89 and the Faculty, who, say, will number forty in all. Then let the same number of under-classmen pay double the price of their plates, and thus pay for the dinner. If the dinner be two dollars and a half a plate, then the forty under-classmen will pay five dollars apiece, or whatever the number who go will make the division amount to. The more the merrier, and the less the cost. This scheme has, so far, met with approval, especially in '89.

The proposer of this brilliant idea can go still further, have a committee appointed to canvass the classes, and find how many are willing to go. It will be unnecessary to canvass '89. Merely look in the catalogue, and take the round numbers.

ALL bear witness. There was a bulletin, "The exercises of the Institute will be suspended on Friday, February 22d." A petition was made out, and five hundred eager signatures attached. Another bulletin, "The exercises of the Institute will be suspended on Friday and Saturday, February 22d and 23d."

How gratifying it is to know that even though we ask for little, that which we do ask for is thoroughly weighed and considered. Whenever now you feel grossly wronged, and think your row is an exceedingly rough one, remember the glorious day or evening you spent on Washington's Birthday, and that our Dignified Assembly is not so unjust, after all, as you may have at first hastily considered it.

As these columns are intended to express the feelings of the students, we should like to express our thanks; but words fail us, and we leave it to those alone who cannot help but know how well we appreciated the extra day.

IF the powers that be had exercised all their ability in devising an absolutely objectionable system of mail delivery, nothing could have met their efforts more satisfactorily than the present combination of package department, coat-room, and post-office. A very few are able to *see* whether there is a letter in the rack for them; but the great majority, those whose names do not begin with the right letter of the alphabet, are obliged to make personal application to "the bird." Now, "the bird" is of an exceedingly retiring disposition, and does not like to be aroused from her warm little nook in the corner; so it frequently happens that Mr. X. does not receive his letter until it is much overdue. A case at hand is that of a student who received word from an instructor notifying him of an examination after the examination in question had taken place. Such mistakes are frequent, but they are not to be laid at the door of the person in charge; it is the system which is at fault. Any change cannot but be an improvement. An arrangement of lock-boxes is, perhaps, the best; and were such a plan adopted, we feel confident that each student would be happy to pay a small box rent, which would, in the aggregate, cover the expense of construction. When such a system is adopted, and not till then, will letters be received promptly by those to whom they are addressed.

A Tech. Chapel History.

A Prof. unto the Chapel came,
Where Profs. are scarce and few,
And glanced around, as if the ground
On which he trod was new.

A Soph. unto the Chapel came,
As Sophs. are wont to do;
To his surprise, you may surmise,
He found the Prof. there too.

What came to pass is clear as glass,
"And pity 'tis 'tis true,"—
He asked the Prof. to name the stuff,
And let him pay for two.

A Story.

CHAPTER VIII.

"CRÆSUS! Cræsus! Wait! I knew it was you!" There is a swift patter of little feet down the long hotel corridor, and then Elsie is lifted up in Darcy's strong arms, while her own are thrown tightly around his neck.

"And how did you know it was me, little 'un?" he asked cheerfully as he carries her into the cozy sitting-room, and deposits her on the broad window-seat.

"Oh, I saw you coming from Crump's window, and I hurried as fast as ever I could, so as to be here when you came; but"—glancing ruefully down at the smashed head of a doll which she held dangling by one leg—"I struck Jemima's head on the door, and I stopped to nurse her, else you wouldn't have beat me!"

Jack looked at Jemima's dilapidated scalp, and laughed heartily. It was the old, happy, careless laugh, and so different from the wan smile which Elsie had been accustomed to see, that her eyes grew round with surprise and wonder as she looked at him; then she too caught the infection, and laughed with him. Then these two had a very jolly time of it for a half-hour or so. Jack got a bottle of mucilage and undertook to mend Jemima's scattered features, while Elsie closely watched the operation, and grew alternately merry and indignant at Cræsus' flow of comments on the appearance of the beloved doll.

Nearly three months have passed since the events recorded in our last chapter. Mrs. Darcy was buried the day after she died, only Elsie, Jack, and the old doctor following her to her last resting-place. Then followed a few long, miserable weeks for Jack and his little charge. To Darcy life seemed an utter blank. It was as though his life was all behind him; that what had been life in the other days, was merely *existence* now;—he was without hope, and with scarcely a desire to think of the future. A few days after the funeral a small package came to him. It con-

tained his letters and a few small gifts to Lena; that was all,—no word of regret, not even of farewell. Jack sat by his table one whole night reading the letters over, one by one, and wistfully living over again the thousand and one little incidents tenderly suggested by them. In the early morning he bundled the letters together and burned them. The trinkets he could not find it in his heart to destroy; he locked them up in a little tin box, and carefully put it away where he could not see it very often. But the care of little Elsie served to take his mind in a measure from his own troubles. The child clung to him as her only friend, and she was never quite content except when with him. As the weeks wore on, the poignancy of her grief lessened, and the naturally buoyant spirits of childhood asserted themselves, so that, although she never allowed a day to go by without speaking of her mother, yet she was comparatively happy; and as Jack seldom left her in those first few weeks, but devoted himself to taking her mind from sad things, and to amusing her, he came, in a measure, to fill in her childish heart the place of the dead mother.

After a month or so Darcy himself became so pale and sickly looking, that Dr. Jellet told him plainly that he must do something to take his mind off his troubles, or suffer the serious consequences. "Now, see here, my friend," he said one day, "as I have been repeatedly telling you, this sort of thing won't do! This loafing around, and letting your troubles prey on your mind, is simply ruin to your health. You must do something,—interest yourself in some kind of business, or, better still, do a little mild speculating. Your friend Emery is just the man to start you in that line. Now you do it. One thing is certain, I'm going to put a stop to this loafing!"

And he did. Jack became interested at the idea of doing something, and once started, the result was much better than the doctor had hoped for. Darcy commenced by surprising numerous friends who saw him, by appearing

at his old club with Emery. Of course everybody knew that Cræsus had had some kind of a falling out with the Dysarts, and this, coupled with his strange disappearance for over two months, caused many curious glances at his pale face; but one and all were glad to see him again, and he received a hearty welcome. Thus it was that part of Darcy's days began to be spent away from Elsie, and he became a familiar figure among the brokers' offices. The child grieved a little at first at the separation each day, but she grew accustomed to it; and, besides, she had several little playmates besides the Crumps, with whom she could spend the hours until Jack's return. Jack seldom failed to bring her something in the shape of fruit, *bon-bons*, or a book, and it was seldom that he came home without finding her waiting for him in the window-seat. Dr. Jellet's experiment worked to perfection. Jack became interested in his occupation. His friend Emery was a brisk, energetic young man, and thoroughly posted in the ever changing market. Guided by him, Darcy's modest little ventures succeeded with very few exceptions; and like all men who succeed at the start, Jack became deeply interested. There was an excitement in the element of uncertainty connected with his ventures, that was just what he most needed to divert his mind from other things, and gradually he became more like his other self. Life began to look more as if it were worth living; there were mornings spent amid the exciting scenes of the street, and afternoons spent with Elsie in romps in the parks or at the Zoo. The two were great comrades, and as the summer wore on the attachment between them became very strong.

On the evening of the accident to Jemima's cranium, Jack was in unusually excellent spirits. A joint deal which he and Emery had carried out in American stock had succeeded beyond their expectations, and both felt complacently self-satisfied. Elsie fell in with Darcy's good humor, and the fun was at its

height, when suddenly the child's face sobered, and she exclaimed: "There, I most forgot! There's an awful big letter for you, Cræsus! It came this noon by a messenger boy. I'll get it."

Elsie brought it to him, and Jack's face assumed a puzzled look as he read the superscription on the long, yellow envelope. "Important. To Mr. John Darcy, — Hotel, from Leechem, Leech & Co., Solicitors." "Why, it's from old Leechem's!" he exclaimed, as he hastily tore it open. "I wonder what —" he was reading, now, and did not finish the sentence. As he read, his face became very white. He looked up at Elsie, who stood by patiently waiting for the news. "Say, Duchess," he said, in a tone of assumed carelessness, "please run over to Crump's for awhile; I want to read this; it's long, you see."

Without a word the "Duchess" picked up the mended doll, and departed obediently. Jack returned to his official-looking letter. It read thus:—

DEAR SIR: As attorneys and solicitors for your honored father, the late Lord Chellingworth, and, after his demise, for his son and your brother, Lord Cordella, there devolves upon us a painful duty. We have this day been advised of the death of our client, Lord Cordella, at Medinet, Egypt, three days since. The particulars of his death accompanying our information are scant, it being only stated that your honored brother met his death while engaged in a duel with an officer of Her Majesty's service. Said officer has escaped. The body is cared for by strangers, and awaits your orders. Accept our profound sympathies; and we trust that you will pardon our forcing a business matter upon you at such a time, but it cannot be well avoided. It is, perhaps, not necessary for us to state the slight peculiarities surrounding the late Lord Chellingworth's residence in Egypt for the last two years. Acting under his instruction, quarterly allowances have been forwarded to a Colonel Erhart, at Siout, made payable to a young woman by the name of Emerson. We have this day opened sealed papers intended by our late client for this emergency, and find among them proofs of the marriage of Lord Cordella to Miss May Emerson,—presumably the same person to whom we have forwarded the allowances. We find furthermore from the papers, that the only issue of this marriage is a girl. Lord Cordella at the time of his death was not living with Lady Chellingworth. Doubtless the Colonel Erhart above referred to can inform us as to her whereabouts. It is important that both Lady Chellingworth and the child shall be found. Trusting that you

will, of course, be duly interested in this matter,—the more so that, in the absence of a male heir, you are next in succession to the title,—we have the honor to beg an immediate visit, and beg to remain,

Your humble servants,

LEECH, LEECH & CO.

CHAPTER IX.

"'Tis thus my tedious tale is run;
For this my screed was first begun.
The ending ever is the best;
Read, my Masters! skip the rest."

It is one of the beautiful days which come with the first falling of the leaves in the early autumn,—a day when the atmosphere is crisp and clear, and soft, cool breaths of wind stir among the dying foliage, and send little patches of fleecy white clouds sailing across the blue sky. On the terrace at Oakley, Lena Dysart stands gazing idly at the stretch of peaceful landscape before her. The expression in her eyes is a sad one, which grows decidedly wistful as she turns and looks away to where the reddish-brown turrets of Chellingworth Court rise above the tree tops. For a little while she stands looking at them, and then with rather an impatient gesture she walks away. Her footsteps take her along the garden path toward the little rustic gate grown so familiar to her in the past year. How often during the summer and in these lovely autumn days she has gone up the garden path and out through the little gate to the woods beyond. She always goes that way, and her mute companions, the familiar objects along the way, have grown very dear to her. Are they not associated with those past days that were so fleeting, and yet so dear? As she pauses for a moment at the weather-beaten gate, she thinks for the twentieth time that it is just a year ago to-day that she and Jack came through there together for the last time. She turns again and looks at the red turrets in the distance. There is a suspicion of tears in her eyes. They say that he appears very happy since he became Lord Chellingworth, and came to the Court bringing the little girl whom the tenants call Lady Elsie. At the

thought a bright flush comes over Lena's fair face, and she looks away from the turrets. And everybody likes him, he is so kind and good, and they say Lady Elsie adores the very ground he walks on. They are always together, riding, playing tennis, or visiting the tenants, but they confine their visits to the people on the estate. They never go anywhere in the country, and people who have called at the Court have not been able to catch sight of the child. What was the strange thing that Dan, the groom, had started to tell them this very morning when Frank grew so angry, and peremptorily ordered the man to "shut up!" Lena thought of this as she wandered along through the woods. Dan evidently had heard something startling about "Me Lud and the chile," which he seemed anxious to impart. How provoking that Frank had stopped him.

Without much thought as to where she was going, Lena found herself at a low wall, and started to get over it; but just at the wrong moment her foot slipped, and she sank down on the ground on the other side, wrenching her ankle as she did so. She gave a little cry of pain and tried to rise; her attempt was partially successful in that she succeeded in reaching an upright position, but found to her chagrin that she could not bear her full weight on the injured member. What was she to do? She looked pitifully around her, but there was nothing but the wall on which to support herself. She could follow that in the hope that it would lead somewhere where she could get help. It was the only alternative; and although the ankle began to swell and to pain her, she commenced to feebly hobble along by the wall.

"Oh my! are you hurt?" cried a fresh, childish voice near her. "Let me help you!" and Lena turned to see come running to her a very pretty little miss with a great wealth of sunny, golden hair flying over her shoulders. Intuitively it flashed across her that this was "Lady Elsie," of whom she had heard so much. In

the moment of the varied emotions which came over her she forgot her hurt, and removed her hand from the wall with the intention to follow out the desire to get away, which filled her. In an instant a piercing pain in her foot caused her to cry out, and then sink to the ground in a heap.

Lady Elsie was by her side now, and without a word she kneeled down and commenced to carefully unbutton the boot on the injured foot. Lena felt too faint to offer any objection, and the child succeeded in easing the pain somewhat. Lena scarcely dared trust herself to look at her. When she did so, an unaccountable feeling of relief came over her. She took hold of the child's hand.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Elsie," was the reply; "or," doubtfully, "perhaps I should say *Lady Elsie*, only I haven't been Lady long enough to get used to it yet. Cræsus calls me 'Duchess,' but I don't like that name. But you are suffering, and I must get you some help. It won't take me but a moment; it isn't very far to my house."

The child started to go, but Lena held tight hold of her hand. She felt a strange desire to question the child; for what, she did not know herself, but Dan's brief remarks in the morning had given birth to a strange mixture of hope and fear in her breast. She almost forgot the pain in her foot.

"Who do you call Cræsus?" she asked, while her cheeks burned at her *finesse*.

"Why, Cræsus is Jack, of course! Oh, I forgot! Of course you don't know Jack; he's Lord Chellingworth," the child explained.

Lena felt her heart beating very fast. Her clasp on the child's hand tightened. She nerved herself to the effort: "Why—why do you call your father by such a name?" she asked slowly, while her eyes were fixed eagerly on Elsie's.

Elsie looked at her in astonishment.

"Why, I *don't* call my *father* 'Cræsus!'" she exclaimed; "Cræsus ain't my papa,—he's dead, you know."

For an instant everything seemed to swim around before poor Lena's eyes. The hot blood rushed to her face and receded again, leaving her very pale. What was this she heard! Jack not——! She grasped Elsie tightly by the arm.

"What was your papa's first name?" she demanded, huskily.

Elsie appeared a little frightened at her vehemence, and gently tried to pull her arm away. "My papa's name was Cordella—Captain Cordella Darcy," she replied in a wondering tone.

In an instant she was drawn down into Lena's arms, and her upturned face showered with kisses and wet with tears. Lena laughed, and then cried.

"Oh, my Jack!" she murmured, "can you ever forgive me? Ever, *ever*?" . . .

Somebody leaned down over the low wall against which she rested; two strong arms encircled both her and the child clasped in her arms, and the voice which she had not heard for many long months, with the old familiar drawl sounding doubly sweet now, answered, "Why, Lena, my darling, Jack forgave you long ago!"

THE END.

A SYNDICATE of Boston gentlemen are proposing to convert the land lying on the Cambridge side of Charles River, at the foot of the new bridge, into athletic grounds, which will be made as perfect for the purpose for which they are intended as one could possibly desire. They will contain a running track, a baseball and football field, together with unrivaled facilities for tennis, etc. They are expected to be finished in 1890, and the Tech. will at last have the longed-for facilities which will enable her to compete with other colleges in track athletics. Now that the Union Grounds are gone the football field will probably prove the greatest benefit. The grounds will be only fifteen minutes' walk from the Institute.

Noticeable Articles.

THE *Contemporary Review* for February contains a paper by President C. K. Adams, of Cornell University, on the Defeat of President Cleveland, which every young American ought to read. After enumerating minor influences, he thinks the two principal causes of this defeat were, first, President Cleveland's failure, during the latter part of his administration, to act up to his professions in regard to the great and vital cause of Civil Service Reform; and secondly, to the direct influence of bribery and corruption. These, indeed, are but two aspects of the same subject, and in regard to the former, President Adams says: "In the matter of Civil Service we are passing through the experience that England passed through under the Hanoverian Kings. It has recently been well said that the history of English liberty is the story of the restraint and regulation of patronage. What Macaulay, in one of the most noteworthy passages of his History, described as the 'saturnalia of corruption,' was not an un-mixed evil. It led the thinking people of England to see that the condition of affairs was well nigh desperate, and that nothing but a thorough reform of the system of patronage would clear the atmosphere of a poison that threatened to pervade and paralyze all the activities of the State. At length, after half a century of more or less active agitation, the Civil Service Reform Bill of 1853 was adopted; and at the present time I suppose the English have very generally forgotten the real condition of affairs under the old régime. But those who can remember will understand what I mean when I say that we in the United States are passing through the same phase of political evolution that England was passing through fifty years ago." Let us all hope that we shall pass through it as safely as our old mother country.

As to the other topic, every honest American will re-echo Mr. Adams' words when he says: "It is with a sense of profound humility, if not of outright shame, that one speaks in a foreign journal of bribery as an important element in the contest. And yet, that such an element played a great part in the canvass, no one in the United States will deny." But here again he finds comfort in the record of English experience. One thing is very certain: that if the citizens of this country are only a set of bribeable knaves, no excellence of constitutional machinery will save them from shipwreck.

We don't believe they are, and we look to see this disgraceful evil speedily remedied by the indignant uprising of the national sentiment against it. This nation did not put down slavery only that it might be wrecked by a set of corrupt bosses.

The same number contains a very interesting paper on "Sir Henry Maine and his Work," by his successor in the chair of jurisprudence at Oxford, Professor Pollock. In the domain of law and social science, Sir Henry Maine's works were epoch-making books. If we have any advice to give the true student of the philosophy of history, it is to avoid the seductive superficialities of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the preposterous paradoxes of Mr. Buckle, and try to understand Sir Henry Maine. It is true that his books are anything but elementary; but there is a sense in which it may be said that on a difficult subject it is the profoundest books that are the most elementary. Of Maine, Professor Pollock says: "At one master-stroke he forged a new and lasting bond between law, history, and anthropology. Jurisprudence itself has become a study of the living growth of human society through all its stages, and it is no longer possible for law to be dealt with as a collection of rules imposed, as it were, on societies by accident, nor for the resemblances and differences of the laws of different societies to be regarded as casual." The paper is an interesting tribute to a very great writer by another, whose own writings partake of the same spirit.

The same number contains an anonymous article entitled "The Bismarck Dynasty," which it is hardly too much to call ferocious; and in another, Lady Grant Duff gives an account of that very odd personage, Laurence Oliphant, who was such a queer mixture of man-of-the-world, brilliant writer, adventurous traveler, and mystical religionist.

W. P. A.

COMMUNICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TECH:—

As a member of the "Technique" committee referred to in an article in your last number, I do not think it right to let pass this opportunity of noticing some misstatements that occur there.

The discussion by the class of the best methods of electing the Board is too long to be introduced here. It resulted in the election of a committee of twenty-

five, chosen by ballot, and empowered to act for the class in the matter.

The first objection to this plan, other than the critic's inappreciation of its wisdom, is that the hasty method of election may hereafter be repented. If, in the course of such affairs at Tech., an election can be called hasty when a month elapses before final action is taken, the class is open to that criticism. A certain after election repentance may in all cases be noticed among those who fail to receive what they expected.

"The manipulation of cliques," and "the certainty of sore heads and dissatisfaction in a ponderous and unwieldy committee," would hardly be remedied by the substitution of a still more ponderous and unwieldy class. The influence of cliques in the transaction of such serious business as the election of a "Technique" Board is admitted to be, is more insignificant than the outcry against them.

The question whether it is possible for such a committee to hold a meeting where all the members shall be present, is well enough answered by the facts that such a meeting has been held; that it continued in session for an hour, every point being fully discussed and settled as it arose; and that when the meeting adjourned, it did so for the express purpose of giving time to consider the nominations that had been made, and avoiding all undue haste in taking a final vote.

If the men eminently fitted for the position are not very difficult to discover, why not let the class make a direct choice without the intervention of a small active nominating committee, "personally disinterested," which is something quite beyond discovery in the present imperfect state of human nature.

Such predictions as these which we have noticed we have ventured to correct, as tending to misrepresentation; if time proves them true, it will be soon enough then to say, "I told you so." As the article we have referred to somewhat indefinitely concludes, "Ninety-one has an excellent standard to sustain or overstep, and we hope this will not prove a stumbling-block in her path to success."

PROTECHNIQUE.

The usual price will be paid at THE TECH office for numbers 5 or 7 of THE TECH, Vol. VIII., or number 7 of Vol. VI.



TRULY the inventive genius of our Freshmen is prolific. They have distinguished themselves ever since they entered by the odd way in which they have done things; but I think their latest caper in the amusement line rather tops anything they have accomplished before. I am told that it is a special fad of certain members to spend their spare evenings in room-hunting, or "gadding," as they call it. Perfectly satisfied with the quarters occupied by them, and having no especial reason for changing, two or three will get together of an evening and spend an hour or so in nosing around among the houses of Boston's great boarding district; and they get plenty of amusement out of it, to judge from some of the many stories they tell. Certainly they have abundant opportunity to study human nature,—or that special branch of it embodied in the *genus* landlady.

As a result of their peregrinations these young men have rather reluctantly come to the conclusion that the atmosphere through which the average boarding-house keeper regards the student, is anything but rose-colored. In many instances after the applicant has announced that he is a "student," there is a perceptible falling off of the rapidity with which he crosses the threshold. Often the announcement is not necessary, the "eagle eye" of the vender of rooms "sizing up" at once the luckless individual in search of "home comforts."

In speaking of this practice of "gadding," the Lounger's informant said that the joke was not

always on the side of the boys. The speaker laughed as he told of one of his own experiences. He said: "Two or three of us had been around climbing stairs, and asking all sorts of questions, when we came to a house **down** on Chandler Street. There was a big sign in the basement window making the usual announcement of 'Rooms to Rent.' Well, we climbed the steps, and it was my turn to ring the bell and do the talking. A big Irish girl came to the door, and as we stepped into the hall I could see a woman peering down from the head of the staircase. I put the usual question in my politest tones, and the girl, with the remark that she would 'go and see,' started upstairs. But she didn't have to go up. Lord, no! The head at the top popped down a step lower, and the owner snapped out, 'Them's students! I ain't got any rooms for them!' This rather riled me, especially as I could hear the fellows snickering behind me. 'Why don't you take in your sign then?' I demanded. '*Didn't suppose you fellows knew enough to read!!*' We went out."

"Another queer thing," continued the speaker, "is the way questions are asked and answered. After we had been around a little we discovered that there was a certain lot of questions which we could ask which never failed to afford us some amusement. There was one question in particular. If we asked, 'Do you object to company?' nine times out of ten the reply would be another query, 'Ladies?' It got so that I found it hard to keep a straight face when asking this question."

This Freshman told the Lounger a great many other stories, some of them very funny, but we have only space to tell of a certain room which was visited in a Columbus Avenue house. "The room," he said, "was under the roof, and looked as if it had been through a siege or two. The carpet was covered with stains, as was the wall paper. The mantel was checkered over with round rings, which bespoke of the former presence of innumerable beer bottles. What most attracted our attention, however, was one of those 'motto' pictures which hung over the door. The lettering was done in worsteds, and was quite pretty; but underneath the original line some wag had worked another one in red thread, so that as we saw the thing it read,

'There's no place like home.

Game closes at twelve o'clock sharp!'

Probably we would have to go back through many generations of students to trace the responsibility for the reputation which, as a class, we enjoy(?) at the present day. I think, however, that if we were to investigate a little, it might possibly be found that most of these numerous landladies have had "their souls embittered" by some one experience which has fallen to their lot through some scalawag of a student, and not by their experience with students in general.

Tech. Athletics.—Open Indoor Meeting.

THE Open Indoor Meeting of the M. I. T. Athletic Club, was held Saturday afternoon. The entries were open to members of the Harvard Athletic Association and the Boston Athletic Club. There was a large audience filling the seats at the Winslow Rink to witness the contested events, not a small portion consisting of ladies, who were appreciative witnesses of the exhibitions of manly vigor and strength. The officers of the meeting were as follows: Referee, W. A. Davis; Clerk of Course, N. Durfee, '89; Judges, H. G. Gross, '88, E. A. Pease; Referee of Sparring, Dr. Wm. Appleton; Judges of Sparring, W. C. Austin and E. P. Barry; Stewards, Russel, Lauder, Bulkley, Dame, French, and Gannet of '89, Hamilton, Waite, Towne, and Batchelder of '90, Cunningham, '91, A. French, '92.

Time was called at half past two o'clock, the first event being the fence-vault (handicap). The entries were: J. C. E. de Bullet, '90; G. W. Pearson, H. A. A.; A. H. Green, H. A. A.; C. F. Lincoln, B. A. A.; Geo. B. Morrison, B. A. A. Pearson, scratch, gives to Green $\frac{1}{2}$ in., to Lincoln $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., to de Bullet, and to Morrison $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. At 6 ft. 5 in. Lincoln failed to clear; de Bullet next failed at 6 ft. 6 in.; then Morrison, at 6 ft. $9\frac{1}{4}$ in. The contest now lay between Pearson and Green, each of whom cleared 6 ft. 10 in, making Morrison the winner with the handicap, by 6 ft. $11\frac{3}{4}$ in.

The standing high-jump then took place, with Messrs. L. C. Wason, '90, and F. G.

Curtis, H. A. A. The latter dropped out at 4 ft. 6 in., Wason clearing 4 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in., but failing on 4 ft. 11 in., in an attempt to break his own record of 4 ft. 10 in.

Putting the shot (16 lbs.) was next in order, with four entries: J. C. E. de Bullet, '90, M. M. Smith, H. A. A., H. O. Stickney, H. A. A., and C. Kip, B. A. A. De Bullet and Stickney were the only contestants. The former won by 36 ft. $2\frac{1}{4}$ in., breaking his own record of 35 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in.

The fourth event was the running high-jump, P. W. Conant, '91, J. P. Lee, H. A. A., and R. G. Leavitt. Conant fell first; Leavitt injured his nose and withdrew, leaving Lee winner, 5 ft. $5\frac{1}{8}$ in.

Fifth came the running high kick, after some baseball practice by the stewards in a vain attempt to throw the rope of the pad over a gas-fixture. L. C. Wason, '90, and G. Rubblee, H. A. A., contested, Wason winning with the leather at 9 feet. In an attempt to break his record of 9 ft. 1 in., he touched at 9 ft. 2 in., and the Tech. man again came to the table to increase his silver service by two more cups.

Eight burly men next sought the arena. Four of them were sons of Harvard, their names as follows: F. Allen (anchor), M. M. Smith, M. G. Motte, H. L. Grant, the Freshman team. For the Tech., '92's team were: F. H. Harvey (anchor), W. R. Kales, S. W. Weis, W. W. Locke. After tilting back and forth for some moments, the signal was given. Tech. gathered in an inch, but soon lost it, then took it back again; and after rapid heaving time was called, with $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches of extra rope on the Tech. '92's side.

The two contestants for heavy-weight sparring now appeared. F. R. Bangs, H. A. A., entered with his second, and F. G. Curtis, H. A. A., sauntered gracefully in upon the arm of "little" Johnny Murphy. The first round began by cautious sparring, gradually livening up, and ending in favor of Curtis. The second was commonplace enough, but

little being done; it was awarded to Curtis. The third was lively throughout, and the bout was awarded to Curtis. Bangs did most of the leading, but Curtis more than met him, showing more ability.

Feather-weight sparring next claimed the attention of the audience, with J. L. Dodge, H. A. A., and P. Marquand, H. A. A., as contestants. The first round was very lively, being in favor of Marquand. The second was fully as lively, and the claret was freely spilled. Both men were weak from the exertion at the beginning of the third round, and consequently caution was used; but that barrier was quickly broken down, and they went at it in earnest. Dodge was sandy but he was less skilled. The three rounds resulted in a draw, and a fourth round was necessary in the opinion of the judges. The extra round was very quick, resulting in the bout being awarded to Marquand.

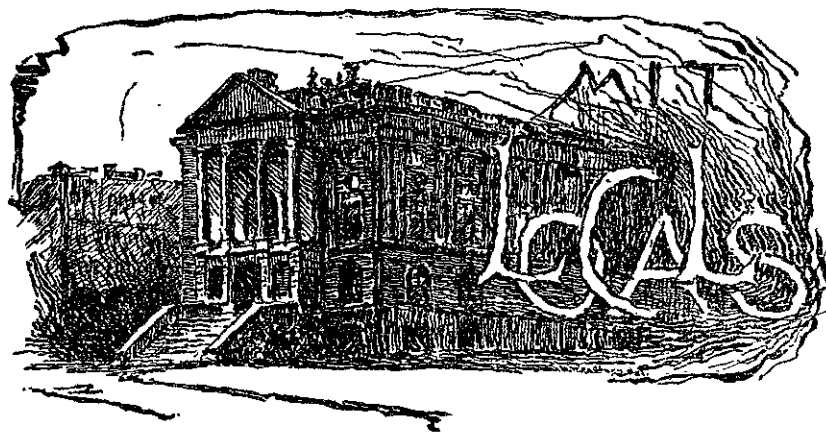
Light-weights now appeared, F. Cabot, Jr., H. A. A., and F. R. Peters, B. A. A. More liveliness ensued. The second round ended in the middle by Peters being neatly floored by Cabot, a ten-second rest being enjoyed and the round ended. The third was less exciting, and was pretty even. The cup was awarded to Cabot.

The tug-of-war between Harvard, '91 and Tech., '92 was the last event. Tech. got the drop, but after four minutes neither had the advantage; at the end Harvard had $\frac{3}{4}$ of one inch.

The audience applauded and cheered a great deal, especially in the tugs. A little music would have enlivened the waits, which, however, were not uncomfortably long. The light-weight sparring was beautifully exemplary of the old and new style of sparring, *i. e.*, the old ring style as shown by Cabot, and introduced here by Jem Carney, and the new ring style by Peters. The action of the club in allowing the Freshman tug-of-war team to compete with the Harvard Sophomores after having won a rather close pull

with Harvard's Freshman team, and consequently being tired and really unfit for work, has been severely criticised, and the more so because the outside delegation present seemed to look upon the Freshman four as a representative Tech. team. This is particularly to be regretted, since we have not the slightest doubt that our 'Varsity men could have won an easy victory over any of the teams entered. The Freshmen deserve a great deal of praise for the excellent showing they made, and Technology can congratulate herself on having beaten all comers in all events which she entered, with the exception of the fence vault and the last tug-of-war. A larger slice of glory is due when we recollect that the best of the present athletes, which the classic halls of Harvard screen were present, and the best men who upheld her past glory were entered from the Boston Athletic Club. Taken as a whole, the meeting was assuredly very good. There were no walkovers, no events won on technicalities, and nothing but a perfectly fair spirit shown by any of the contestants.

The Athletic Club and the Institute at large are to be congratulated on the success of the affair.



The Society of '90 will hold a theatre party Saturday evening.

The first concert of the Glee Club will be held in Hingham, March 13th.

Mr. J. Laurence Mauran was in New York from Tuesday until Friday of last week.

A Geological Club has been formed, similar to the one in the Biological Department.

The Chess Club met at the Thorndike, Thursday, February 14th. The tournament began on that evening.

H. E. Hathaway, of THE TECH Board, has been elected Editor-in-Chief of '90's Junior Annual.

A hydrogen thermometer, a marvel of mechanical skill, is now in Room 4 of the New Building.

'89's Class Day Committee are beginning to get in their work. They met the Faculty on Thursday, the 28th.

'91 has organized a nine, and elected E. A. Holmes, Captain, O. Germer, Sub-captain, and F. S. Vielé, Manager.

Last week Professor Holman ran a test of a new calorimeter designed by himself, and made for the Harvard Medical School.

The Class of '90 held its annual class dinner Friday evening, March 1st, at Young's. Mr. J. L. Batchelder, Jr., was toastmaster.

Fifteen of the Senior Mill Engineers, with Professor Schwamb, recently made a trip to Lawrence, to inspect the Pacific and other mills.

Last week the Seniors were busy passing conditional examinations, which they were obliged to take before March 1st in order to obtain their degrees.

Owing to the temperature of Huntington Hall during a Freshman Lecture on Monday, February 25th, about a third of the Freshman Class have colds or sore throats.

Now the Senior Chemist goes home and parboils himself for a couple of hours, in order to free himself from the smell of that delightful Mononitrodibromphenylmethylether.

The fourth year Generals and some Electricals are taking an interesting course of lectures on Banking and Finance, and Business Law, this term, under the tutelage of President Walker.

The Hammer and Tongs enjoyed a theatre party on Saturday, March 2d. Mrs. Potter, as Cleopatra, was the attraction. Twenty odd members were present, and afterward partook of lunch at the Adams House.

We have always thought that the Freshmen enjoyed a reputation for at least average intelligence; but such it seems is not the case, for the B. Y. M. C. A. has to direct them to Room 20, Rogers, as "the small room over the entrance."

The annual convention of the Theta Xi Fraternity was held at Troy, N. Y., Friday, February 22d. About sixty delegates were present. Hills, Ellis, and Coles represented the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Chapter.

The Sprague Electric Railway and Motor Company is bringing out a new design of motor, to be known as the Boston. They will be from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to 15 horse-power each, and will be put into service by the West End Railway Co. as soon as completed.

The Society of '92 held its first regular dinner at the Parker House, Tuesday, February 26th. Sixty-eight members were present. The speakers were T. C. Wales, Jr., R. Waterman, Jr., C. M. Wells, H. S. Potter, A. G. Davis, W. Y. Chute, W. W. Locke, and S. M. Weis.

Freshman: "Isn't sal ammoniac a salt?"

Instructor: "Yes."

Freshman: "And isn't it used in an electric battery?"

Instructor: "Yes."

Freshman (inclined to be funny): "Then why can't it be arrested for assault and battery?"

Mr. W-l-on, '89, made, for the first time in four years' attendance, a trip to the lower regions of the N. B. That he was sufficiently impressed by the apparatus in the electrical den, was shown by the ecstasies into which he went over the new Westinghouse engine,

calling it "that big dynamo with the fly-wheel."

Contracts for next year are soon to be drawn up with the tradesmen of the Co-operative Society. Any members of the Society who wish to make suggestions for next year's list, or who have complaints to hand in regarding any of the present list of tradesmen, are asked to leave notes addressed to Mr. Poland or Mr. Merrill, in the Co-operative box in the Secretary's office.

The third annual convention of the New England Intercollegiate Press Association was held at Young's Hotel, on the evening of the 22d. About twenty-five delegates were present, representing the different college journals of New England. The election of officers for the ensuing year took place, and, after some changes in the Constitution of the Association, the meeting adjourned to one of Young's best dinners. Toasts were given, stories told, and other literary pursuits indulged in until late in the evening. The Tech. was represented by Mr. W. H. Merrill, Jr. Mr. J. L. Batchelder, of THE TECH Board, was elected to the Executive Committee of the Association.

The following are the titles of theses in C. E. Department, '89:—

American Turbine Wheels, A. W. French; A Project for Abolishing a Grade Crossing, B. W. Guppy and J. W. Linzee, Jr.; Design for a Sewerage System for Winchester, W. S. Johnson and G. C. Scales; Stand Pipes—their Construction and Arrangement, F. W. Ranno; Discussion of Water Supply for New York City and Brooklyn from Passaic Water Shed, F. J. Capen; Design for a Bridge, G. L. Richardson; Critical Comparison of the Methods of Distributing Water Power in the United States, G. C. Whipple; Discussion of the Direct and Indirect Methods of Pumping for Water Supply, S. E. Thompson; Discussion of Methods used for Flushing Sewers, E. V. Shepard and S. M. Mildram; Design for a Round House, W. M. Duane; A Topograph-

ical Survey and Discussion of the Geological Features of the Region lying between Nantasket Beach and the Mainland, W. M. Beaman; Methods of Operating High Grades and Steep Inclines, F. H. Cilley; High Level Storm Overflows for Boston, R. M. Cutter; Experiments with Gutta-Percha Models of Riveted Joints, R. L. Russel and W. E. Mott.

EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

The University of Mexico is said to have been founded fifty years before Harvard.

The game played at Columbia this year is checkers.

Miss Sophia Hayden, one of the two young women who are studying Architecture at the Institute of Technology, in Boston, received "First first-mention"; *i. e.*, took the highest rank for an original design of a belfry tower this week. The competition was with about twenty-five young men.—*University Gazette, McGill College, Montreal.*

The broken slate on the west stairs was replaced last week with a piece which many a student in times past has wished to have the opportunity of treading under foot; *i. e.*, a piece of the broken mathematical blackboard.—*Pennsylvanian.*

The ages of some of the oldest American colleges are as follows: Harvard 250 years, William and Mary 196, Yale 188, Princeton 142, University of Pennsylvania 139, Columbia 134, Brown 124, Dartmouth 119, Rutgers 117. Amherst is 30th, and is 68 years old.—*Amherst Student.*

During the past year the endowments received by Harvard have amounted to \$504,000, and there have been 16,468 books added to the Library.

The record has been broken, and now there are five students and two instructors at the Institute belonging to the great and world-renowned family of Smiths.—*W. P. I.*

Dr. Kruss, a chemist of Munich; has succeeded in decomposing cobalt and nickel, both of which have hitherto been supposed to be elementary substances.—*W. P. I.*

The number of volumes in the library at Yale, 200,000; Harvard, 165,000; Syracuse, 75,000; Brown, 66,000; Tufts, 25,000; B. U., 6,000.—*Beacon.*

Johns Hopkins has just one "co-ed."

It is an old joke, but we cannot refrain from springing it again, that no anæsthetic known to the materia medica can compare with Ganot's Physics. We defy any man to read it one hour and keep awake, or to give a coherent synopsis of what is in it after he has read it. Morphine, opium, and laudanum are not to be compared with it.—*Ex.*

Yale has accepted the challenge of Cornell to a four-mile race on the Thames River, at New London. Psotta will stroke the Cornell crew.—*Crimson.*

University of Pennsylvania will erect a dormitory, at a cost of \$125,000, which is to be the largest in the United States.

February 20th was the one hundred and sixth anniversary of the founding of Phillips Exeter Academy.—*Yale News.*

The Juniors, who do satisfactory work in Chemistry, both in the class-room and laboratory, will be excused from taking an examination in that subject.—*The Dartmouth.*

Clark University is to be a university in fact as well as in name. Its students will be college graduates who desire to carry still further their studies and investigations in the mental and physical sciences; and the facilities and methods will be fully equal to those of the best German universities. No undergraduate courses will be included, unless future experience may render it advisable, and the work will be university work in the fullest sense.

"Waiter, bring me some hock. Hic-haec-hoc!" Waiter doesn't move. "Didn't I order some hock?"

"Yes, but you afterward declined it."—*Ex.*



EINE WARNUNG.

"Ha, ha, ha!" die Auster sagt,
Als sie kommt der Schale heraus;
"O, sieh mich! ich bin gewagt,
Lebe wohl, mein kleines Haus!"

Aber, ach! sie spricht zu bald,
Sie rette nicht die Jupe;
Sie finde dass der Tag ist kalt,
Denn sie fällt—ach!—in die Suppe.

—*Brunonian.*

A STUDY IN YELLOW.

Dreamy she lies in her porcelain palace,
Soud-ja the princess, the fair young barbarian,
Soft shine her eyes from her sweeping jet eyelashes,
While from the window behind, golden sun-rays
Filtering through the thin screen of pale rushes
Glow o'er her soft clinging robes of light amber.
See her slim hand, long-nailed, henna-tinted,
Eagerly turning the crisp, pictured pages!
Deeply absorbed in the dainty book, mark her;
What tale is't, a romance all peopled with houris,
A poem, a soft sigh of some eloquent poet?
No—what entrances, charms this young princess
Look, 'tis a fashion book latest from Paris.

—*Advocate.*

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"Tempus fugit" said the Romans.
Yes, alas! 'tis fleeing on;
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short, and soon 'tis gone.
But as I think of next vacation,
Poring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her fuge!"—*Ex.*

TO HER MIRROR.

Ah, lucky mirror! whose clear depths
Show forth my lady's features fair,
On you she often looks and smiles,
Seeing her face reflected there.
But I could ne'er her mirror be,
For smiled she on me, happy swain,
My heart would hold her image fast,
And never give it back again.

—*Record.*

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